

And she would stand there, wondering whether she should have spoken to him, all the way downtown.

"... I've just outgrown you, that's all," he would tell Jeanne. "No, there isn't any explanation except I'm just tired of the whole affair. No, there's nothing you can do about it. I'm not accusing you of anything, so you needn't try to defend yourself. All the talking in the world can't change things. I'm through—that's all!"

And, smiling slightly to show that he did not care, he would watch her begin to cry.

CYNTHIA

You wouldn't believe that the clouds
could hang so low and dark
As they hung that day
You wouldn't believe that the rain
could fall so long and heavy
As it fell that day.

And all that long afternoon Cynthia sat
before the window
And looked out of those sad brown eyes
of hers.

When she was a little girl
Her mother dressed her in silks
And pink bows and fluffy laces
And delicate organdies,
And she was "like her mother."

When she was six
Her father gave her a bike
And skates and a swing
And took her to the lake
And she was "like her father."

And then she was eleven.
All afternoon, looking out of that dark
window
And then she was Cynthia.

—Grace Ferguson.

I
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(With apologies to John Masefield)
I must go to the Pole again, to the Pole
and its circle of cars,
And all I ask is a big coke, and a couple
of pretzel bars;
With the motor's hum, and the horn's
honk, and the waitresses a-running
With an ed here, and a co-ed there, all
of them a-bumming.

I must go to the pole again, for the call
of an idler's way
Is a drawing call and a devil's call, that
I may not gainsay;
And all I ask is the role that day the
prof. will not be taking,
And on the day exams come, I may do
successful faking.

I must go to the Pole again, to the lazy
easy life,
To the gay way that's the fool's way,
where there's rarely any strife;
And all I ask is an Audrey joke, and a
giggling fellow Joe-r,
And I should worry if nothing's done,
when the long day's over!

—Gene Smith

II

Rockabye baby on the stand's top
When the crowd roars, the bleachers
will rock.
When the game's over, goal posts will
fall,
Down will come baby, classmates and
all.

—Grace Ferguson